Volume LXII CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1908 Number 1

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

In recent years the cry has been rising for a simpler life. It is a voice in the wilderness; in the din and clatter of our complex civilization it seems faint and far off, but it is making itself heard; it begins to be evident to all thoughtful people that we must somehow manage to get away from these entanglements of sense and live a freer life. In these artificialities and extravagances the soul is enfeebled and belittled, and the national vigor is lost. If we want to save our nation from decay we must learn to live a simpler life. And this change will not be wrought out by evolutionary processes; it means revolution rather; not by violence, we may trust, but certainly by choice, by effort, by struggle and resistance we shall turn back these tides of materialism, and lead the current of our national life into safer channels.

—*Washington Gladden in The Church and Modern Life.*

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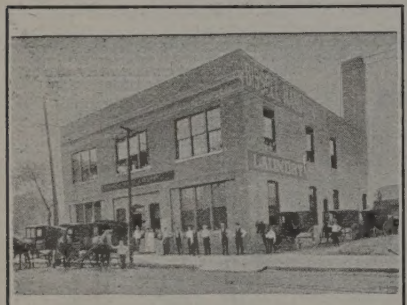

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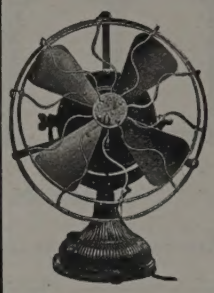

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXII THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1908 NUMBER 1

There is no wind but soweth seeds
  Of a more true and higher life,
Which burst, unlooked for, into deeds
  With fragrant, wayside beauty rife.

Within the heart of all men lie
  These promises of wider bliss,
Which bloom in hopes that cannot die,
  In happy, sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestical
  In life or death since time began,
Is native in the heart of all,
  The simple, open heart of man.

—*J. R. Lowell.*

Our friend N. O. Nelson in *Sanitary Progress* says: "Only bullies go loaded; our international trade is our safety." Perhaps more than trade, science, art, and, above all, the inspirations of love, enter into the safety of a nation as well as of an individual.

Sanitary Progress defines LeClaire as "a town of six hundred, without mayor, boss or policemen. The Nelson Company is the representative of all its public work and charges nothing for it. Whenever the people prefer to have a town organization they need only to incorporate it, go into politics and pay their own expenses." But we learn further along that among the inhabitants are some merchants, retired farmers, railroad people and coal miners who have no direct connection with the Nelson Company. For an interesting account of the origin, growth and present condition of LeClaire, see *Sanitary Progress* for August.

A correspondent who thinks UNITY has "many strong points," is one of those who has come upon its "one weak point"; he has found typographical blunders "almost inexcusable," and again, "an unintelligible jumble." All we can do is to "plead guilty to the soft impeachment" and, as Beecher once said of stories in sermons, if our correspondent only knew the number of errors we do cut out he might forgive us for those that still stay in or, at any rate, give us a little credit under the circumstances for keeping the wheels going round under any conditions. But, of course, a subscriber who has paid his two dollars a year has a right to criticise and little knows—

"But let them drink molten pearls, nor dream the cost."

Our friend and associate, Joseph H. Crooker, has found a foeman worthy of his steel in Professor Münsterberg, whose article on "Prohibition and Social Psychology" in McClure's magazine for August aroused the ire of Mr. Crooker, as it must that of every man who believes that the trend of civilization is towards not only sobriety but abstinence in the use of alcoholic poisons, and that the present phenomenal movement towards "dry" territory is in accordance with economic and scientific wisdom. After the emotion is eliminated from both articles we believe an overwhelming preponderance of wisdom, science, and ultimately of human experience, will be found on the side of the contentions of Mr. Crooker. In this conviction we are glad to make room in another column for the whole of Mr. Crooker's recent contribution to the *Boston Transcript.*

Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House," the remarkable play that is now attracting so much attention in this country, has disclosed to a Chicago daily the following most interesting program:

I expect to write seven plays. Why seven? Perhaps because the mystic number appeals to me. The second and third of these are practically finished. Each will employ seven people in the cast—five men and two women. They will be suggestively but not actually related one to the other. Each will deal with a separate problem. "The Servant in the House," for instance, stands for the truth, or the loving life that preserves and builds up. "The Winter Feast" will deal with the lie and hate in life that destroys; "The Idol Breaker," with freedom and bondage, economic, religious, and personal; the fourth play, with citizenship; the fifth, with militarism and anti-militarism; the sixth, with motherhood, the woman and child, the responsibilities of the mother toward the child and of society toward the mother; and the seventh, with the racial problem.

Perhaps prophecy is finding its platform in these days on the stage. Maybe the playwright more than the preacher is permitted to enforce the sanctions of ethics and the inspiration of religion to many people in these days.

We are sorry that we cannot present to our readers the irresistible creation of Oliver Herford in the September *Century* where a member of his "Mythological Zoo," with an eagle's head and lion's paws and tail, struts in flashing garb with eyeglass and the "swell" walking stick. But his letter text is so good that our readers will see the point without the help of the picture. Perhaps the abatement of the humor of the picture may add to the seriousness of the text. Here it is:

It chanced that Allah, looking round,
When he had made his creatures, found
Half of an eagle and a pair
Of extra lion's legs to spare.
So, hating waste, he took some glue
And made a Gryphon of the two.
But when his handiwork he eyed,
He frowned—and it was petrified,
Doomed for all time to represent
Impatience on a monument.
Sometimes upon our path today
Its living counterpart will stray—
Columbia's eagle strutting in
An awfully English lion's skin,
With glass in eye and swagg'ring gait:
Behold the Gryphon up to date.

Arthur Hewitt contributes a series of eight photographic scenes in the *Outlook* on "The Motor Life in Picture," concluding with a scene portraying the passing of the hansom cab. We remember similar predictions in connection with the approach of the trolley and other electric devices, but the horse seems still to be in evidence and the horse-breeder is still in business. It is a long way, financially, from the buggy to the automobile, and it is a question whether it is not as long a way from the joy of the country, the intimate contact with men and things along the road made possible by the one, and the desperate hanging on and the nerve tension exercised in trying to keep up with the "dashing car" "over hill and dale." The automobile is an unquestioned extension of human energy, a new tool for human ingenuity, but signs are not wanting which would indicate that, like the bicycle, it is being over-worked as a luxury, as a pastime, as recreation. In due time it will settle back to its more legitimate profession of burden-bearer, drudge and courier.

The *Century* for September is a most interesting balance of attractions. It holds hard to its original purpose of presenting current literature in story and poem, but yields considerately to the pressure of the practical, the scientific and utilitarian demands of the day, midway between which are some very interesting, perhaps revolutionary, contributions to current biography and history. On the literary side we have stories by Hamlin Garland, Charles G. D. Roberts, Grace Ellery Channing and Owen Johnson, poems by Lyman Edwyn Davis on "The City and the Man," and a touching tribute to Francis Thompson entitled "The Quiet Singer" by Charles Hanson Towne. On the science side is the story of the Wright Brothers' effort to sail the air, told by themselves, with pictures, not of castles, but actual ships in the air; and a startling story of Minnesota's effort to increase the wheat supply. On biographical lines comes the first of a series of studies of Andrew Johnson, by a member of the official household, and a study of the early life of Robert Fulton, by his grand-daughter. Of all the men called to carry the responsibilities of the presidential chair, Andrew Johnson is the most in need of vindication and explanation. If the contentions of this writer are established, popular estimate, perhaps current history, will have to be revised.

Summer Schools

Our Meadville correspondent in another column speaks naively of the Sunday School Institute reported as an "experiment in getting liberal Sunday School teachers together for systematic training."

It may have been an experiment for those assembled at Meadville, but the work has long since passed through the experimental stage at Tower Hill, Wis., where for eighteen years and over just this thing has been done and successfully done, for the kind of teachers and workers our correspondent had in mind and with the class of instructors and the nature of the instruction well paralleled by the experiments at Meadville, the Isle of Shoals, Madison, and other places where with characteristic hesitation, Unitarian, Universalist, Ethical Culture worker, Progressive Jew, etc., have yielded to the logic of events, accepted the manifest destiny of the long summer vacation and followed the lead of their more adventurous brethren of the more orthodox communions at their Chautauqua and other summer assemblies.

This school in the woods by the river side, which was founded by the labors of such high teachers as Learned, Hugenholz, Gould, Hunting, Herbert, Simmons and others now of the band of immortals, has justified the faith of the founders.

Our readers have found in these columns some report of the matter and the method from week to week, and it is not our purpose to make editorial comment on the same. But it does become us to call attention to some facts which the doubting Thomases and the troubled Marthas may well make note of, some of the prudential friends who have so long predicted the death or decline of the Tower Hill movement on account of the inaccessibility of the situation, the character of the matter, as a menace to the vacation rest time, or the idiosyncrasy and mortality of the director. For eighteen years we have known of some kind and anxious friends who have denied themselves the privileges of co-operation and participation in the Tower Hill school lest they might get interested and then the director would die and all would collapse.

This dire contingency is sure to happen sometime, liable to happen any time. Meanwhile it may be reassuring to know that each of the eighteen years has found itself with a more eager constituency, a clearer message and more grateful students. This year our visitors reached from Arkansas to California. The regular students included representatives from Chicago, Washington, D. C., Kansas City, St. Louis, Cleveland, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Huron, S. Dak., Decorah, Iowa, Redlands, Cal., Milwaukee, Madison, and perhaps half a dozen other places in Wisconsin. The course of study was systematic, consecutive, dealing with results of critical scholarship and the latest interpretations of New Testament literature. Laymen and laywomen followed the five weeks' course with studious fidelity, pencil and paper in hand, taking notes and making reflections for future use, not only in Sunday-school

but in day-school and pulpit. Perhaps half of the class might be called habitual students, those who have found the studies so available and profitable that they have come from year to year, six, eight, ten or more years in succession, and in many cases have provided themselves with permanent lodges which are becoming to them summer homes.

It is also worthy of note that the fifty per cent more or less transient, those who can come but once in a while and only for portions of the course, have found their visits profitable and tantalizing, and have gone away saying, "We must come again."

It is still further noteworthy that the so-called "higher criticisms," the rational and, so far as ability and circumstances permitted, the synthetic study of the books of the New Testament, served to quicken faith and to increase appreciation. At Tower Hill it is easy to be devout and natural to be constructive.

Another thing has been demonstrated at Tower Hill in connection with the summer school studies, viz., that the prophets and the poets drive well in harness. Paul and William Morris, John of the Apocalypse and John Ruskin, Peter and Whitman, reinforce one another, interpret one another's message. The study of the Bible as literature invites collateral and corroborative reinforcements in other fields.

The last reflection suggested by the current year's work at Tower Hill gathers around the closing days, reported elsewhere. For the third time a committee of women arranged for an informal congress which was attended by fifty or more "delegates" from beyond local limits. It was refreshing to find those representatives of the best culture of Wisconsin, representatives also of the sober life, humane interests, the advocates of growing causes.

No more than our correspondent can we give to our readers any detailed account of the inspiring program, but the way in which Mrs. LaFollette dissipated the tyrannical bond of habit and showed how soul is ever superior to it, Miss Stearns' plea for the grandmotherly graces and Miss Jane Lloyd Jones' high justification of old age, Mrs. Gudden's plea for the less fortunate and Dr. Frisbie's defense of jail victims and arraignment of jail managers suggest the mighty possibilities for good as yet but half recognized and less than half utilized in the so-called "women's club movement." When the women in such clubs can more effectually escape from the tyranny of routine, lay aside their wearisome forms miscalled "business" and the expensive, not to say silly styles that provoke rivalry, they will indeed justify the Sunday morning sermon given by another woman, Miss Murdock,—on the "never failing quality of love."

But there were some experimental features at Tower Hill this summer. For the second time the "eat-out-of-your-own-basket" kind of picnic was changed into the New Testament type where the loaves and fishes owned by individuals were brought together and the multitude was fed therefrom, leaving more than twelve baskets of fragments. Perhaps the long table feature involved more work and interfered with family coziness and private hospitality, but at least to the writer the long tables under the trees where two or more hundred sat down together for Saturday and Sunday dinners and more than half as many to suppers, and the score or more of young ladies who served, wearing the red ribbon as their badge of hospitality and cordiality, seemed like a communion service indeed. For here neighborhoods were blended, denominational labels were forgotten, race differences ignored, rich and poor, Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, sat down together and ate from a common table.

The cordiality, the happy mingling of summer residents with all the year round settlers, the mingling of country and city folk, the doers of the word with the talkers, was a beautiful climax and a fitting justification of the five weeks' study of the New Testament.

And all this was possible because the experimental stage is passed. It has taken twenty-seven years of work in Helena Valley and eighteen years at Tower Hill to draw this company, to establish this fellowship and to make real this small fragment of the dream of a spiritual religion that is rational and a rational religion that is spiritual.

The women's committee for the fourth congress is already appointed and the program of studies for the Tower Hill Summer School for 1909 is already printed and can be obtained by addressing UNITY office.

Professor Munsterberg's Prohibition Views

In his discussion of "Prohibition and Social Psychology" in McClure's Magazine for August, Professor Hugo Münsterberg has given us a brilliant but not a pleasing or satisfactory article. He outrages logical rules, ignores scientific discoveries, sets aside historical facts, tramples upon moral sentiments, and denies the principles of human evolution.

His contradictions are numerous and absolute. He hopes that Cambridge will maintain prohibition but he denounces the prohibitive policy as a fraud and a delusion. He calls alcohol the greatest civilizing agency next to Christianity, but he is glad that Harvard students are denied drinking privileges. He damns the "emotional legislation" of the present temperance movement and in the next sentence he demands indulgence in intoxicants to prevent our nation from "drying up emotionally." These and similar assertions are supreme illustrations of illogical procedure so extreme as to prove incapacity for reasonable argument.

He asserts that the drunkard must be abolished and the saloon destroyed and the power of the liquor traffic broken. And yet, he claims that the drinking of alcohol is needed to produce industrial efficiency, national happiness, artistic appreciation, and moral excellence. Did anyone ever before claim that these

excellences of civilization are due to liquor? Here is a gross materialism that is exceedingly repellant. But how abolish the drunkard, while teaching that alcohol is a necessity? We might as well talk of abolishing typhoid fever, while insisting that polluted water must be used. Why close the saloons, if laborers need beer to be efficient workmen? There must be some place where this "blessed moderation" may be indulged. How break the power of the liquor traffic, if our people must have alcoholic beverages, to be happy, wise and strong? Somebody must make and sell. His article will multiply drunkards, open new saloons, and be praised in every liquor journal as a means of increasing the influence of "the trade." Soon we shall have Scripture revised to read: "No prohibitionists shall inherit the kingdom of God." "Let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the beer of life freely!"

Professor Münsterberg pleads for the continued use of liquor because "even religious life began with intoxication cults." Are we to infer that he would have the church add a "subway tavern" to its instrumentalities of Applied Christianity? Are we to infer that he would suggest a new Beatitude: "Blessed are they who drink in moderation, for they shall enjoy the opera more than those who only use ice water"? Are we to infer that he would have the "intoxication cults" revived in connection with confirmation classes, so that boys and girls should have their emotions developed by the "moderate" use of beer and wine before they join the church, lest our "nation dry up emotionally" and lose the capacity of enjoying opera? It is true that spirituous beverages were usual in primitive ceremonials, but are such ancient customs still obligatory? By parity of reasoning, we must revive cannibalism and other cruel and disgusting rites.

How marvellous the logic of "social psychology"! We read in this article: "Boiling water is most dangerous for the body on account of its strong heat: Is a bath in lukewarm water also harmful"? The argument is: As a bath in lukewarm water is good, though boiling water may scald, therefore liquor in moderation is good, though too much may be injurious. But the terms of comparison are celestial diameters apart: in the one case "temperature" and in the other "quantity." Be merciful to us, shades of Mill, Kant and Aristotle, and reward us not according to our sins in logic. To make a logical parallel, this must read: The fact that a barrel of boiling water scalds does not prove that a pint will burn, so the fact that a large quantity of liquor injures does not prove that a small quantity harms. This is in logical form, but the fact is that a pint of boiling water does scald, so that this illustration, when properly applied, becomes a powerful argument against moderate drinking. The whole article is full of "non-sequiturs" as complete as that contained in the incidental proposition.

But the chief criticism to be passed upon this argument for the moderate use of intoxicants is that it contradicts the discoveries of modern science. The exhaustive experiments of such eminent scientists as Kraepelin, Demme, Metchnikoff, Aschaffenburg, Kassowitz, and scores of others, have demonstrated that small quantities of alcohol, and even the light liquors taken frequently, are harmful, destitute of food value; wasting rather than adding strength; making thought slower, rather than quicker; providing only temporary pleasures that are followed by ruinous reactions; increasing susceptibility to disease, and paralyzing will power.

Professor Münsterberg claims that "the masses cannot prepare themselves for a national career of effectiveness," if liquor is taken away from them. Why then does the Frick Company insist on the avoidance of liquor by its 20,000 employees? Why do railroad officials, insurance companies, mercantile corporations and fraternal organizations put up the bars higher and higher against alcohol? Why do those who train athletes enforce an iron rule of abstenance? Nansen declares that liquor is not needed by the Arctic explorer. Sir Frederick Treves, physician to Edward VII., tells us that the first to fall in the march of 30,000 English soldiers to relieve Ladysmith were the drinkers! The writer seems unaware of these facts of science, the knowledge of which is doing much to create the impressive temperance movements in European countries.

The complete absence of moral and humane, considerations ("For my brother's sake I abstain"!) from this discussion of the drink problem is significant and unfortunate. Tears and heartaches do not seem to count with one who sees nothing, apparently, in service to humanity but enjoyment of the opera—after drinking wine! JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

—From Boston Transcript, August 11, 1908.

The Fate Of Hector

Did Hector feel no menace in the air
When Priam named him, even with shameful tear,
When Hecuba in thought beheld his bier
With clamorous vultures quick assembling there,
And loud besought to hear a mother's prayer?
Was no swift warning whispered in his ear
From open sky, where gods were ever near
Who made the undaunted hero their first care?
Alas! his eyes were holden like the eyes
Of all who rush on danger with delight,
And fail, all signals set, to note, to heed.
Confusèd constellations in the skies,
A sun all black by day, shining at night,
These had not hindered, what Fate had decreed.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Every real thought on every real subject knocks the wind out of somebody or other. As soon as his breath comes back he very probably begins to expend it in hard words. These are the best evidence a man can have that he has said something it was time to say.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

If, for the fall of man, science comes to substitute the rise of man, it means the utter disintegration of all the spiritual pessimisms which have been like a spasm in the heart and a cramp in the intellect of man.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE PULPIT

The Temptation of Jesus

SERMON PREACHED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 2, 1908.

"And straightway the Spirit driveth him forth into the wilderness. And he was in the wilderness forty days tempted by Satan; and he was with the wild beasts; and the angels ministered unto him."

Mark I. 12.

There is a stage in the religious development of the soul when it loves to feed upon the abnormal. Childhood has a great appetite for fairy stories; ghost stories abound during the period of spiritual adolescence. It is in response to this psychical disposition to penetrate the veil, to tear the seamless garment of law and let a miracle through that we find in the first three gospels this mystical story of the temptation of Jesus. All three represent the newly baptised Messiah as being seized by the Prince of Evil, and by him starved, teased and threatened. Mark, the earliest of the biographers, is content to dispose of it in the short meter of my text, which says that he was driven into the wilderness by the Spirit and that there among the wild beasts he was "tempted by Satan for forty days, after which angels ministered unto him." In Matthew and Luke the story grows, and the particulars of the temptation are given. Matthew says the tempter suggested that if he was the Son of God he should change stones into bread. When rebuffed in this direction the devil took him to the holy city and set him on the pinnacle of the temple and suggested that he throw himself down in order to demonstrate his angel protection. Again being rebuffed the devil "taketh him to an exceeding high place and showed him the glory of the world," and promised to give it to him if he will only serve the evil one. Failing here again, the angels reclaim him and minister to him. Luke tells essentially the same story but changes the order. He was taken to a high mountain before being led to the pinnacle of the temple. After this last demonstration Luke says that "the devil departeth from him for a season" and that "Jesus returned in the power of the spirit into Galilee." In all these accounts there is the implication that the Master was on familiar terms with the realm of spirits and that the good and bad ones strove for the mastery in his soul.

But there comes a time in the development of the soul when God is revealed more effectively in the unbroken order of the universe, the unparalysed law, than by ghostly interruptions. The real credentials of the truly great are written within and they appeal to the judgment and are endorsed by reason. It is easy to place this story of the temptation among its fellows. It testifies to the myth-making fertility of the human mind. There is no third person here to witness the struggle,—no reporter to take down the facts. It belongs to the many wonder-stories with which an admiring humanity loves to decorate its prophet soul. It is so true to the inward experience that it is not strange it sought habitation in outward symbols. It must be a parable grown out of the confidences which the Master entrusted to the followers who were always stumbling in their attempt to understand and appreciate him. In the story is to be discovered a poem rudely converted into impossible history, internal experiences changed into grotesque external incidents. This narrative hints at the inevitable struggles, the lonely experiences, the inward fire so familiar to the prophetic soul everywhere. Xenophon, in his "Memorabilia" in the life of Socrates, tells how Hercules

"went forth into a solitary place and was perplexed as to which of the two paths he should pursue. Two stately female figures waited upon him, one of modest look and sober demeanor clad in white robes, the other whose complexion was assisted by art and seemed the fairer and rosier. One was Virtue beckoning him to self-denial and service, the other Vice, and promising happiness."

Edwin Arnold, in Book VI in his "Light of Asia," has put into charming lines the temptations of Buddha, his wrestlings with the sins in the wilderness.

We read of

"The Lords of hell
Who from a thousand limbos led their troops
To tempt the Master."

But we need not go to the books to find the key to this temptation story. We have only to travel inward by the light of our own experiences to understand this story, which presents to us the following questions:

1. Who was the tempted?
2. Who was the tempter?
3. When did the temptation come?
4. What were the temptations?
5. How were they resisted?
6. What was the result of it all?

1. *Who was the tempted?* If the tempted was an incarnate God, a fraction of Deity, then the battle was fought in the upper air where we may never enter and was one which we can never understand. If the tempted was unrelated to human nature, untouched by our weaknesses, unless the devil is more powerful than Deity, the conflict is settled from the beginning, it is but a dramatic performance. If, on the other hand, we find a young man stirred by great resolves, seeing a mountainous task loom up before him, driven into what Lowell calls "The silent desert of a great new thought," standing on the threshold of a career immeasurably greater than he can understand, struggling with mighty misgivings, wrestling with paralyzing doubts, thoughts of the infinite God and the great brotherhood of man, standing over against bigotry and ignorance, then we can almost understand the situation. Here is one "tempted in all things" as we are and enmeshed in human limitations, lured by measureless possibilities. Here is one bounded on the one hand by the helplessness of the babe and on the other by the measureless stretch of angels' wings, with a body related to the brute and a mind in league with the spirit of the universe. Here is a young man standing at the parting of the ways, one road leading to the higher seats of the synagogue, the other one winding up the sides of Calvary.

2. *Who was the tempter?* Conventional theology makes of him heaven's outlaw, the deceiver of our first mother, the prince of the lower realm, from which he wages his warfare against virtue. The imagination of the nursery makes of him the horned goblin with hooked tail and hoofed feet, the perpetrator of accidents and the instigator of mischief.

But again, if we look within we have not far to go before we find him, in the lurking weakness, the unbridled appetite, the cowardly shrinking, the overweening ambition. The tempter that waited upon Jesus in the wilderness meets every soul on its upward way. Tennyson describes him in his "Two Voices."

"A still small voice spake unto me,
Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?"

Shakespeare describes him in Hamlet's agony:

"To be or not to be; that is the question."

Lowell recognized him as the foe that meets every soul as it goes forth to battle for truth and justice:

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah offering each the bloom or blight."

You and I know him very well. Why waste time in trying to describe him?

3. *When did the temptation come?* Certainly it came after the high exaltation of the baptism. It was the reaction after the days of noble enthusiasm. The uplift of a splendid vision leaves the door ajar for the devils of doubt and distrust to whisper

"It can't be done! Others have tried and failed, and so will you!"

Yesterday the spirit of the youth blazed into a public commitment; today he hides himself in the wilderness where he fights loneliness and discouragement; yesterday he declared for righteousness before all the world; today he fails in the presence of awful issues; he feels the agony of the melancholy Dane and cries out of the bitterness of his soul:

"The times are out of joint, O! cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set them right."

Action and reaction, like hill and valley, follow one another, so the exaltation of baptism, the ancient symbol of dedication, was symbolized by the dove, and the voice that declared, "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased," was followed by the hissing of the devil, the lures of the lower life. Forebodings pressed hard upon the heels of assurance. The vision of blessedness dazzled the eyes into temporary blindness. Great longings bargain for dark hours. High purposes beckon to great temptations. The Peter who drew his sword to defend his Master, a few hours afterwards denied him thrice. A pledge is easily taken, the strain comes in the keeping of it.

4. *What were the temptations?* The later and more finished product of the human imagination is the ritual, so we will follow Luke, and we read that after his forty days' fast he was an hungered.

"And the devil said unto him, if thou art the Son of God command this stone that it become bread. And Jesus answered unto him, it is written, Man shall not live by bread alone."

Here is the temptation of the hungry man, the glamor of the body, poverty scoffing at ideals. The lower nature presses its claims with, You are poor, you will starve, you can do nothing without means, first get a competency, make yourself independent, then you can do good, then you can successfully compete with prejudices and errors, defy the traditions of a thousand years, antagonize, if you must, the learning of the scribes, the social influences of the Pharisees.

This is the temptation of the so-called strong man, before which so many succumb. First convert stones into bread, then rebuke sin and strengthen sinners, then fit the soul for the kingdom. This is no oriental parable, it is a matter of everyday verification. It is the love of God postponed, or interpreted in terms of gold. Heavenly aspirations must wait for mammon devotions, all in the interests of heaven eventually, of course, but not just yet. Alas, when resistance to the tempter gives way to obedience, then slowly home love will be changed into home display, the peace of the noble will be supplanted by the fatigue of selfish interests, the love of truth will be metamorphosed into love of greed. In what splendid disguises does this tempter come! Now in the sober garb of prudence he says, "convert stones into bread for the sake of your children." Now in the gay streamers of innocence he argues that all amusement and pleasure is legitimate. Life is short at best, enjoy it, "eat, drink and be merry." Tip the glass and join the feasters.

All the same, the plain English of every day experience says, "these temptations are devilish." The life that yields to them is degraded, the life that resists them is transformed and transfigured. Note the sullen voice, the leaden eye, the inhuman speech that represent the stagnant mind and the smothered heart. Let us be frank in studying this story of temptation. We all know how it is ourselves. The better deed is postponed. The nobler opportunities are often refused. The tempter asked for no miracle trick. Stones are being converted into bread all around us every day. The same energy that might make a Messiah will make a Midas whose touch converts everything into gold. Spiritual forces are correlated, and like physical forces can be transformed, the one into the other. Phillips Brooks had that in him which would have made a great banker. Had Robert Collyer stuck to his anvil and neglected his books he might now have been a retired iron master with palace, pictures, and coachman. But had they yielded, their achievements would have been like apples of Sodom, rosy and luscious to the eye, tasteless as ashes to the palate. Bread and that which provideth bread, when obtained at the cost of the higher, is a perishable and pitiable delusion. However specious the argument, the thirst for gold is still an evil, and the pursuit of it often an unholy quest whenever that pursuit becomes dominant and that glamor becomes commanding. Mrs. Browning's cry is justified by economic science as it is by the ethical sense.

"The plague of gold strikes far and near,
And deep and strong it enters;
This purple chimar which we wear
Makes madder than the centaur's.
Our thoughts grow blank, our words grow strange,
We cheer the pale gold-digger—
Each soul is worth so much on 'Change,
And marked like sheep with figures.
Be pitiful, O God!

"The curse of gold upon the land
The lack of bread enforces;
The rail-car's snort from strand to strand,
Like more of Death's white horses.
The rich preach 'rights' and future days,
And hear no angel scoffing—
The poor die mute—with starving gaze
On corn-ships in the offing.
Be pitiful, O God!"

"And he led him up, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time. And the devil said unto him, To thee will I give all this authority, and the glory of them; for it hath been delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will I give it. If thou therefore wilt worship before me, it shall all be thine. And Jesus answered and said unto him, It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him *only* shalt thou serve."

If the lust for things and the greed of gold, the thirst for what is called riches, is the first temptation of the strong man, the second and more subtle temptation is the thirst for power. The lust of influence, the lures of the ambitious, are as dangerous as they are powerful. Whispers the tempter, "Without influence you can do nothing! Without reputation you are helpless! get position, bring under your hand the forces of earth, then you can be of service to heaven; a little tact and Herod will be on your side. Humor the whims of the Pharisees and they will give you leadership." How seductive are such cajolings of the tempters, and how exceptional are they who successfully resent these temptations.

How his best friends deplored the "House divided against itself" speech of Lincoln at Springfield. "He

has ruined his chances! What a pity," they said. But on account of that defiance, the nation made him President, and history knows him as the best beloved of Americans. The dream of the policy hunter is always a delusion, the rotten chain of expediency will never stand the strain of a great load. Close by the shrine of Mammon is erected the altar of ambition, an altar which never lacks devotees. Here "schemes" are laid in the interests of lofty purposes, party influences are solicited in the interests of non-partisan principles, the right is held in abeyance to some "organization" or "party" whose smiles and bows seem necessary to success. These are means of the devil, all of them; demoralizing influences, all of them. Noble youths yield to them and ripen into perverted manhood. Loving girls lured by them grow up into calculating women, whose smiles are devitalizing, whose advice is dangerous and whose leadings apparently toward mountain heights end in the marsh. This second temptation, this lust of power, transforms piety into pretention; duty into expediency; humility into egotism; the charity that does not allow the left hand to know what the right hand doeth is transformed into trumpeted processions.

Again, we need not bother with texts. Let us close our Bibles, go out into the streets, note the rush for notoriety, watch the unseemly tactics of the politician, which "for the nation's sake," sneak and pull, dodge and plot, hide and lie, in the interests of the power that will permit them later along "to serve their country," or, to use their own phrase, "to save it." Note the women strutting like peacocks in borrowed feathers that they may be seen. Note the statesmen degenerated into demagogues; lawyers into petti-foggers; doctors into quacks; preachers into actors. Note how the beatitudes are misconstrued, the commandments forgotten, in order that men and women, and their children may reach society, with a capital "S."

Once there they will have "influence," will "amount to something in life." "Suffer it so to be now," says the young man, says the man of business. "Wait till I get into a position and I will help you," and they withdraw from the Lord's work, and the leadership of the kingdom. "Suffer it so to be now," says the woman, "until I get position, influence and experience," and she withdraws from the prosaic work of the church, the inconspicuous service of children, the obscure fidelities of the home only for awhile. "Then," she says, "I will come back and my efficiency will be double. Then I will be of more use to the cause, more valuable to the church, more serviceable to the home."

We need but look within to realize how great the victory of him who rose superior to the high temptations of power and planted himself at the outset of his career upon the conquering text taught him at his mother's knee. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and him *only* shalt thou serve."

"And he led him to Jerusalem, and set him on the pinnacle of the temple, and said unto him, If thou art the Son of God, cast thyself down from hence, for it is written,

He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, to guard thee:"

and,

"In their hands they shall bear thee up,
Lest haply thou shalt dash thy foot against a stone.
And Jesus answering said unto him, it is said,
Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

The last temptation of the powerful is recklessness. The high danger of the prophet is defiance to consequences. The worker for God is tempted to say, "Let him take care of his own." The besetting danger of the reformer is impatience with what seems to him to be the tardiness of God. What worker on the advance line has not at times sympathised with the splendid Horace Mann, who said, "The difference between me and the Almighty is, I am in a hurry and he does not seem to be." The argument of the tempter is the logic of the impetuous, of those fiery souls of whom George Eliot writes, who "threaten conflagration to the world and rush with most unscrupulous logic on impossible practice." The gambler yields to this temptation when he risks his all upon the turn of a dice. So does the suicide when he thinks to

"Take arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them."

The man who, weary of striving, settles back and gives it up and says, "It will come out right in the end;" the young woman who excuses herself on the plea that "If I were a man I could do something, but as it is, I can do nothing;" the man of business who, because he has business, leaves the culture of his children, the religious and ethical training of his home and his community to his wife, yields to the third temptation of expecting results without contributing the adequate cost. All such forget the high behest of progress, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Inexorable law alone bears us heavenward as well as hellward. Cause and effect is the highway to virtue and joy as they are to sin and pain. The son of God who jumps from giddy heights will be crushed as surely as if he were an imp of the devil. Peace, holiness and power have their price. They must be paid for in the legal coin of the realm. Nobility is realized only by those who submit to the conditions. Character must be won, a cheerful heart and a loving spirit must be achieved. The church that is to become a power must be so decreed by the self-denial and the service of its members. If this city is to be liberated from the bonds of inebriety, if the public voice is to be lifted above the despot and the selfish, if the gospel of love is to triumph over dogmatism or fear, God's eternal laws must be respected, for they will not be changed, even to save or serve a Messiah.

Is there a special providence that will break the monotony of law; are there variations of the order of things in the interests of the worthy?

The gambler shuffling his cards and shaking his dice says "Yes." The man of business who expects to straighten a crooked transaction in the counting room by a sincere appeal to the white throne in the prayer room the Sunday following says "Yes." The banker who expects to restore the misappropriated funds by some lucky hit further on says "Yes." The popular theology that promises peace and eternal safety in return for the confessions of a moment says "Yes." You who expect this church to become a power by a minimum investment of time, labor and money on your part, practically say "Yes." The devil in the temptation story said "Yes."

On the other hand, science says "No." Enlightened piety says "No." History says "No." Our individual experience says "No." Jesus said "No." To expect blessings to come unmerited or unpaid for is impiety, whether the expected source be called Devil, Nature, or God. To shift responsibility is wicked, whether the responsibility be laid upon the angels of heaven, the imps of hell, or upon the men and women about us. True piety must reckon with conscience. Intelligence and will must be among the forces of the universe that make for righteousness. When they are left out right is defeated. They also are a part of the Shining Laws, as Emerson calls them. Any attempt to interfere with the established order of God for whatever motive, is weakness; it is not faith but superstition. There is no

luck, for all is law; no fortune, because all is providence. True prayer is an effort to find, not to change God's will. Such prayer is potent because it puts the soul in harmony with and not in antagonism to the divine ordinances. Queen Mary feared the prayers of John Knox more than any army of ten thousand, and well she might, because the prayer enabled John Knox to walk with God, while the ten thousand soldiers sought to confuse the forces of heaven.

5. *How were they resisted?* These then were the temptations,—the thirst for greed or love of things, the gold passion, the thirst for power, the love of fame, the social ambition, the thirst for results, and the recklessness of faith, the temptations of the noble, the dangers of the reformer. How are they to be resisted? How did Jesus resist? With an invincible trust in principle, an unwavering faith in the right, an unflinching identification of God with goodness, of love with truth. With these weapons he conquered;—with them we conquer. He triumphed by virtue of a memory that reinforced the wavering purposes of a day with the accumulated experiences of his fore-elders. The tuitions of his childhood became the intuitions of his manhood. The light of a mother's teaching lit up the dark places of his discouragement. The training of the boy became the habits of the man.

When we change the miracle into a parable, the story of the temptation becomes an epitome of the spiritual life. The overstraining for physical good comes by the forgetting that "Man cannot live by bread alone, but by the word of God." Forgetting this, there are starved children where there are crowded larders, shivering women wrapped in silks, lonely and discouraged men with stuffed pockets.

In the face of the second temptation men forget that "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." Hence we see young men turn from the fields of toil, the shops of industry, to try the tricky road of speculation. Young women reach for accomplishments rather than culture, preachers advertise short routes to heaven and peddle tickets to glory at reduced rates, all this because they fail to remember with Jesus that the laws of God are written deep in the nature of things, that the eternal verities are not to be tampered with, that conscience is the only road in the long run that leads to influence and companionship. Hence it is that the crown of thorns and the cross of derision eventually carry more weight than oratory or majority votes.

"By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries, ever with the cross that turns not back;
And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
One new word of that grand Credo which in prophet hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven upturned."

And then again, and lastly, as indicated in the story, come the sweet sad temptations of the devout; the pathetic snares of piety that trusts when it ought to work; prays when it ought to row; believes when it ought to investigate; dreams of the hereafter when it ought to be struggling in the here, forgetting that we must be co-workers with God, that the Lord of the universe is not to be tempted, no, not even in the interests of his kingdom. The law of love must lead us into the love of law.

6. *What was the result of it all?* We come to our last inquiry.

"Then the devil leaveth him, and behold angels came and ministered unto him. And Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit to Galilee."

After the resistance came the beatitudes. The conquest made the story of the good Samaritan, the prodigal son, and the other matchless parables a matter of course. After the storm in the wilderness came the sweet communion by the well with the good Samaritan stranger, the blessed shelter of the peasants of Bethany, the confidences of the Marthas and the Marys, the victory at Gethsemane.

Yes, but more than that, let it not be forgotten, came also the reproach, the opposition, the abuse, the disgrace, a thorny crown and a spiked cross, and, sadder yet, nineteen centuries of misinterpretation and misunderstanding, and legions who bow to his name but miss his spirit. Because of his battle and triumph in the wilderness he has been robbed of his humanity, denied his sweet human paternity. Exceeding the insolence at the cross, his would-be followers have parted the seamless robe of love and made of it the dogmatic patchwork of controversial Christianity.

This seems indeed a dire and cruel result, but what would it have been had he yielded to any one of the seductive strains of the tempter at the threshold of his ministry? Happily we have not far to go for an answer. We have but to look around us and we see the price of surrender to the tempters in the wilderness in the bloated forms, the pallid faces, the hardened visages, the shallow laugh of the worldlings. All around us, these testify to the woes and the weaknesses of the sensualist, the miser and the demagogue, while the cheap success of the mountebank and the unholy life of the ascetic testify to the penalty of impatience, the sin of the Christian, who, in his great desire for the sinless joys of another world has lost the purpose and the power to serve this world. What would have been the result had Jesus yielded to the tempter? A disappointed life and centuries of forgetfulness. What has been the result of his triumph? Peace and power in life, immortality and a Messiahship indeed in death. There must be a decisive "Get thee behind me, Satan," in the life of every young man or woman that is to know usefulness, the joy that is more than happiness; the peace that passeth understanding here and hereafter, now, and forevermore.

The Meadville Summer School

The experiment of giving cohesion and strength to Liberal Sunday School training by getting the teachers together in the summer and offering them expert instruction and opportunity for conference has proved a success. As a result of the interest displayed in and the apparent progress made by the Meadville Theological School's Summer Institute for teachers, the policy of this summer will be made a permanent activity of the school. That is the intention and it is a fixed intention. But needless to say intention and determination alike depend upon the proper coöperation for their translating into fact. Upon churches and individuals of the liberal faith all over the liberal territory depends the future success of the new liberal venture. This first session being in the nature of an experiment it was not surprising that the attendance was drawn from a limited area and as a matter of fact Pittsburg, Buffalo and Cleveland comprised the territory most drawn upon for students. Besides Professors Christie and Bowen of the school instruction was given by Rev. Hanson W. Pulsford of Chicago, Rev. Dr. Dodgson of St. Louis, Rev. Florence Buck of Kenosha, Wisconsin; Rev. R. W. Boynton of Buffalo, and Miss Jean Fry of Meadville.

A teaching staff of equal merit will be on hand next year and other members of the Meadville faculty have

volunteered their services. The hope of the promoters is that an adequate response be made by those to whom the school caters. In fact it is hoped—and this hope is official—that fifty people may take advantage of the school. With some modifications they may expect a program somewhat analagous to the following order of activities.

The members of the summer school were given the use of the Hunnewell Hall dining room and an efficient boarding service was given at cost. The ladies of the school were given furnished rooms in Divinity Hall while the men were accommodated in neighborhood homes and in a specially furnished room in Hunnewell Hall, next the gymnasium. During the session the gymnasium, bowling alleys, and tennis court were thrown open to the visitors, as was, of course, the magnificent library of the Meadville Theological School.

Every morning at 8:45 a fifteen-minute chapel service was held, generally led by a visiting minister or member of the school staff.

This was followed by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford's lecture upon Old Testament Criticism. Mr. Pulsford traced the sources and inspirations of the Old Testament writings, showed their stratifications in the Old Testament as we know it and traced also in them the opposition of the prophetic and priestly schools culminating for one epoch in the doing to death of Jesus and which still is traceable in the lasting opposition between orthodox ecclesiasticism and freedom in religion.

The problem of how to use this material in teaching the Old Testament to Sunday School classes was handled by Rev. R. W. Boynton. Mr. Boynton dissented strongly from recently expressed views concerning the superiority of the life of Jesus over the Old Testament as a subject for young classes. The life of the warlike Israelite and his warlike God were, he said, intelligible to a child over whose head the ethics of Jesus would fly ineffectually.

Professors Brown and Christie respectively spoke of the sources of our knowledge of and of the teachings of Jesus.

The teaching of this material was then illustrated by the Rev. Florence Buck of Kenosha, Wisconsin, who illustrated upon the students, by giving them actual lessons, the best manner in which to go about the teaching of an actual class.

The afternoon of each day was devoted to such religious exercises as tennis, and walks and picnics in the beautiful ravines which, starting from the edge of the city, wind alluringly for miles into the tree-clad country. Conneaut Lake, the largest body of water in Pennsylvania, is brought within an hour of Meadville by the interurban and the bathing there was one of the features of the recreative side of the institute.

An evening course of lectures by Rev. Dr. Dodgson of St. Louis, open to the public, occupied alternate evenings.

Dr. Dodgson took up the psychology of religion and of religious training. While he warned teachers against the fallacy that pumping the new fashioned learning called pedagogy into poor teachers would make good teachers, he nevertheless used psychology as an instrument of optimism. It explained, he said, those failings in the child that an older generation would have put down to original sin. He pleaded for a recognition of biology in the training of children, for a recognition of the fact that many sins and failings were part of the bundle of outgrown and remnant qualities of our ancestors handed down to us along with the better elements of the hereditary gift. The value of ideals, he contended, was the dominant note in good religious and moral teachings. While the boy of tender years could not appreciate the ideals of Jesus he could appreciate ideals from a younger period of history and for him the fighting and hero stories of the Old Testament were admirable. As for the actual psychology of religion Dr. Dodgson found its realm to be in the subjective mind of man. In the last resort that great inherited mysterious extra-marginal activity of our minds was the only efficient witness for the reality of God. For the detailed working out of this idea he referred students to Pratt's Psychology of Religious Belief.

An addition to the regular program of evening work was the notable hour in which the poet Henley gave his message through the lips of Rev. Hanson W. Pulsford.

Every lecturer at the summer institute was treated to rapid fire questioning by the students and a number of conferences gave further scope to this educational method.

The sessions were ended with the feeling that not only had direct benefits of a high nature been given and would be passed on but that in the feeling of solidarity engendered by the meeting of these liberals of varied habitat and viewpoint a good had been done of the highest moment for the liberal faith.

A house which is separated from itself is in as bad a plight as a house which is divided against itself and the scripture warneth us of the impending insolvency of such a concern. So not only directly and accountably may the benefits of such an institution be looked upon but in indirect ways, whose course cannot be foretold or even traced, and to an extent that cannot be limited.

To the end then that this new departure in liberal religious activity be strengthened and extended, the support of the faithful—by which is meant their presence next year—is confidently looked for.

LLEWELLYN JONES.

Sunset On Mont Blanc

The ordinary view from Mont Blanc is not especially picturesque—and for a sufficient reason. The architect has concentrated his whole energies in producing a single impression. Everything has been so arranged as to intensify the sense of vast height and an illimitable horizon. In a good old guide-book I have read, on the authority (I think) of Pliny, that the highest mountain in the world is 300,000 feet above the sea; and one is apt to fancy, on ascending Mont Blanc, that the guess is not so far out. The effect is perfectly unique in the Alps; but it is produced at a certain sacrifice. All dangerous rivals have been removed to such a distance as to become apparently insignificant. No grand mass can be admitted into the foreground; for the sense of vast size is gradually forced upon you by the infinite multiplicity of detail. Mont Blanc must be an Asiatic despot, alone and supreme, with all inferior peaks reverently couched at his feet. If a man, previously as ignorant of geography as a boy who has just left a public school, could be transported for a moment to the summit, his impression would be that the Alps resembled a village of a hundred hovels grouped round a stupendous cathedral. Fully to appreciate this effect, requires a certain familiarity with Alpine scenery, for otherwise the effect produced is a dwarfing of the inferior mountains into pettiness instead of an exaltation of Mont Blanc into almost portentous magnificence. Grouped around you

at unequal distances lie innumerable white patches, looking like the tented encampments of scattered army corps. Hold up a glove at arm's length, and it will cover the whole of such a group. On the boundless plain beneath (I say "plain," for the greatest mountain system of Europe appears to have subsided into a rather uneven plain), it is a mere spot, a trifling dent upon the huge shield on whose central boss you are placed. But you know, though at first you can hardly realize the knowledge, that that insignificant discoloration represents a whole mountain district. One spot, for example, represents the clustered peaks of the Bernese Oberland; a block, as big as a pebble, is the soaring Jungfrau, the terrible mother of avalanches; a barely distinguishable wrinkle is the reverse of those snowy wastes of the Blümlis Alp, which seem to be suspended above the terrace of Bern, thirty miles away; and that little whitish streak represents the greatest ice stream of the Alps, the huge Aletsch glacier, whose monstrous proportions have been impressed upon you by hours of laborious plodding. One patch contains the main sources from which the Rhine descends to the German Ocean, two or three more overlook the Italian plain and encircle the basin of the Po; from a more distant group flows the Danube, and from your feet the snow melts to supply the Rhone. You feel that you are in some sense looking down upon Europe from Rotterdam to Venice and from Varna to Marseilles. The vividness of the impression depends entirely upon the degree to which you can realize the immense size of all these immeasurable details. Now, in the morning, the usual time for an ascent, the details are necessarily vague, because the noblest part of the view lies between the sun and the spectator. But in the evening light each ridge, and peak, and glacier stands out with startling distinctness, and each, therefore, is laden with its weight of old association. There, for example, was the grim Matterhorn: its angular dimensions were of infinitesimal minuteness; it would puzzle a mathematician to say how small a space its image would occupy on his retina; but, within that small space, its form was defined with exquisite accuracy; and we could recognize the precise configuration of the wild labyrinth of rocky ridges up which the earlier adventurers forced their way from the Italian side. And thus we not only knew, but felt, that at our feet was lying a vast slice of the map of Europe. The effect was to exaggerate the apparent height, till the view had about it something portentous and unnatural: it seemed to be such a view as could be granted not even to mountaineers of earthly mould, but rather to some genie from the "Arabian Nights," flying high above a world tinted with the magical colouring of old romance.

Thus distinctly drawn, though upon so minute a scale, every rock and slope preserved its true value, and the impression of stupendous height became almost oppressive as it was forced upon the imagination that a whole world of mountains, each of them a mighty mass in itself, lay couched far beneath our feet, reaching across the whole diameter of the vast panorama. And now, whilst occupied in drinking in that strange sensation, and allowing our minds to recover their equilibrium from the first staggering shock of astonishment, began the strange spectacle of which we were the sole witnesses. One long delicate cloud, suspended in mid-air just below the sun, was gradually adorning itself with prismatic coloring. Round the limitless horizon ran a faint fog-bank, unfortunately not quite thick enough to produce that depth of coloring which sometimes makes an Alpine sunset inexpressibly gorgeous. The weather—it was the only complaint we had to make—erred on the side of fineness. But the coloring was brilliant enough to prevent any thoughts of serious disappointment. The long series of western ranges melted into a uniform hue as the sun declined in their rear. Amidst their folds the Lake of Geneva became suddenly lighted up in a faint yellow gleam. To the east a blue gauze seemed to cover valley by valley, as they sank into night and the intervening ridges rose with increasing distinctness, or rather it seemed that some fluid of exquisite delicacy of color and substance was flooding all the lower country beneath the great mountains. Peak by peak the high snow fields caught the rosy glow and shone like signal fires across the dim breadths of delicate twilight. Like Xerxes, we looked over the countless host sinking into rest, but with the rather different reflection that a hundred years hence they would probably be doing much the same thing, whilst we should long have ceased to take any interest in the performance. And suddenly began a more startling phenomenon. A vast cone, with its apex pointing away from us, seemed to be suddenly cut out from the world beneath; night was within its borders and the twilight still all round; the blue mists were quenched where it fell, and for the instant we could scarcely tell what was the origin of this strange appearance. Some unexpected change seemed to have taken place in the program; as though a great fold in the curtain had suddenly given way, and dropped on to part of the scenery. Of course, a moment's reflection explained the meaning of this uncanny intruder; it was the giant shadow of Mont Blanc, testifying to his supremacy over all meaner eminences. It is difficult to say how sharply marked was the outline, and how startling was the contrast between this pyramid of darkness and the faintly lighted spaces beyond its influence; a huge inky blot seemed to have suddenly fallen upon the landscape. As we gazed we could see it move. It swallowed up ridge by ridge, and its sharp point crept steadily from one landmark to another down the broad Valley of Aosta. We were standing, in fact, on the point of the gnomon of a gigantic sundial, the face of which was formed by thousands of square miles of mountain and valley. So clear was the outline that, if figures had been scrawled upon glaciers and ridges, we could have told the time to a second; indeed, we were half inclined to look for our own shadows at a distance so great that whole villages would be represented by a scarcely distinguishable speck of coloring. The huge shadow, looking ever more strange and magical, struck the distant Becca di Nona, and then climbed into the dark region where the broader shadow of the world was rising into the eastern sky. By some singular effect of perspective, rays of darkness seemed to be converging from above our heads to a point immediately above the apex of the shadowy cone. For a time it seemed that there was a kind of anti-sun in the east, pouring out not light, but deep shadow as it rose. The apex soon reached the horizon, and then to our surprise began climbing the distant sky. Would it never stop, and was Mont Blanc capable of overshadowing not only the earth but the sky? For a minute or two I fancied, in a bewildered way, that the unearthly object would fairly rise from the ground and climb upwards to the zenith. But rapidly the lights went out upon the great army of mountains; the snow all round took the livid hue which immediately succeeds an Alpine sunset, and almost at a blow the shadow of Mont Blanc was swallowed up in the general shade of night.—*From the Playground of Europe by Leslie Stephens.*

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, Kentfield, Marin Co., California.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—When the night is long and dark look to the morning.

MON.—The education of the will is the flowering and result of all this geology and astronomy.

TUES.—Character is Nature in the highest form.

WED.—The dawn of the sentiment of virtue on the heart gives, and is, the assurance that Law is sovereign over all natures.

THURS.—When a man says, "I ought"; when love warms him; when he chooses, warned from on high, the good and great deed; then deep melodies wander through his soul from Supreme Wisdom. Then he can worship, and be enlarged by his worship.

FRI.—I look on those sentiments which make the glory of the human being, love, humility, faith, as being also the intimacy of Divinity in the atoms. . . .

SAT.—Man is made of the same atoms as the world is, he shares the same impressions, predispositions, and destiny.

—*Emerson.*

The Sunny Side

The kine lie on the leeward side,
The lambs and chickens in the sun;
Old Puss and Carlo sit bestride
The streak of light their choice has won.

So should it be with humankind,
In matters of the heart and life;
Crowd out the darkness, light to find—
Seek peace amid the rage of strife.

Our lot deep-shadowed may have been,
Our way hedged up through loss and shame,
But faith and hope the day will win—
Our God forgives in love's dear name!

Cares, sorrows, troubles multiply,
And we resolve for good each day;
But resolutions fade and die—
The heavens are brass whene'er we pray.

Our sunniest face we all should wear;
Our sweetest thoughts the heart should fill;
Our kindest speech dear lives should share,
And thus all souls with pleasure thrill.

Life is too short to waste in tears,
When joy and gladness wait to guide;
There is no health or strength in fears,
No cloud but has its silver side.

The dark is needful as the light,
The rain and cloud as sunny skies;
Misfortunes, trials, clear our sight,
Whatever good their voice denies.

If in our hearts, our friends, our lot,
Our search should be for brighter things;
Such should we find, nor dearly bought
Would be the joy such wisdom brings.

A. JUDSON RICH.

She Had Shut Down

"What's the matter with supper?" he asked.

"There isn't any," she answered.

He looked startled.

"You're not out of money so soon, are you?" he asked.

"No, but I've quit work for the day."

"Sick?"

"Not at all, but I'm keeping union hours. As the wife of a good union man, I can't afford to work more than eight hours. It wouldn't look right."

Here was a problem that required thought, and it was several minutes before he ventured to reply.

"Mary," he said, at last, "you've got the wrong idea. Now, you're working for those you love—"

"That's what you ought to be doing, too, instead of going on a strike to help a walking delegate show his importance. Why shouldn't I be as much afraid of work as you are?"

"I'm not afraid of work," he retorted, "but eight hours is enough for any man."

"And for any woman."

"But how can we live on such a plan?"

"How can we get ahead on your plan? Did any man ever make a real success who was afraid of a few minutes' extra work? Do they take the superintendents and foremen and managers from the men who are outside the shop before the whistle stops blowing?"

"We have no choice. The union has settled all that."

"If the boss had let any union tell him how long he could work to advance his own interests, would he be the boss now? Could any of the bosses have succeeded under such a rule? How does any man who starts as you started get out of the ranks and up among the officers? Is it by letting somebody tell him how much he can do and how long he may work?"

"Don't you believe in unions?" he asked.

"Well, I've been thinking about them a good deal lately," she replied, "and this is the way it looks to me: You say to the man you work for, 'Eight hours is all I'll work,' and then you say to the woman who works for you, 'If you can't make things comfortable for me in twelve hours, why, work sixteen.' But I've quit. I'll work as many hours as you do, and no more; and you've got to get a mighty good reason for any strike you go on, or I'll go on one, too. Now, there's a labor problem for your union to take up just as soon as it has the time."

Of course, women are disposed to be unreasonable, but—isn't it the man who pushes ahead by hard work who is able to make things a little easier for his wife? And isn't she overlooked in the union rules?—*Chicago Post.*

A Cup Offering

Turn a kindly face to the world, dear,
If you would have the world kind to you;
It reflects the light and the shade, dear,
And the reflection is always true.

Give a cheerful smile to the world, dear,
Who can measure the good you impart?
The sunshine of peace will return, dear,
With its life-giving warmth to your heart.

Lend a helping hand to the world, dear,
And encourage the weak—when they fall;
Help them to rise—and try again, dear,
Though a "Cup of Cold Water"—be all.

Speak a kindly word to the world, dear,
Like a skillful musician at play;
The heart will respond to your touch, dear,
In a truly sweet, wonderful way.

Like harps all untuned—are our hearts, dear,
Then be careful in touching the strings;
For 'tis only the Master's hand, dear:—
The eternal, true harmony brings.

—*Clara F. Eastland.*

The ideal life is in our blood and never will be still. Sad will be the day for any man when he becomes contented with the thoughts he is thinking and the deeds he is doing,—when there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger, which he knows that he was meant and made to do.—*Phillips Brooks.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Tower Hill Notes

The last week of the Summer School was packed so full with the closing studies and the Women's Congress that I must pass lightly over the class in religion and attempt only a brief outline of the summary given in the closing lesson.

The problem stated was how to account historically for Christianity. The leader said: Great world movements require long perspective before they can be understood or appreciated. There were at least five elements which entered into the making of Christianity: 1. The Jewish element of a noble race consciousness nursed by disappointment and intensified by persecution. 2. Greek culture and Greek hospitality. 3. Egypt, with its outgrown rituals and overgrown beliefs in immortality. 4. Roman political prowess and genius for organization. 5. The personality of Jesus. Christianity is a splendid illustration of fusion. All great things come out of a witch's caldron. The chemist puts in ingredient after ingredient, and the mixture grows more and more muddy till he puts in the last element, when lo! the whole bursts into clear crystal. So it has been with the mixture of Celt, Saxon, Dane and what-not, which today we call the English nation. Progress comes with the mingling of blood. Christianity was Jewish intensity breaking its bonds, Greek culture finding its own, Egyptian conservatism, Roman organization bringing about the complexity, the standing refutation of the conceit of blood. The one more element that was needed, the precipitant, was something that happened in Galilee, something that was once held in a woman's arms in an out-of-the-way corner of Judea. That wonderful personality grew and represented the world of spirit, solidifying and condensing it. And this event is not without a parallel. It found its analogy five hundred years before, when an Indian prince outgrew his princedom and reached out a helping hand to a suffering humanity, and again six hundred years after, when an Arabian camel-driver fell to dreaming in the wilderness and Mohammedanism was the result. To make Christianity required all these elements. The Greek gods were dead, the Egyptian ritualism was more than dead, the Jewish monotheism no longer reached the hearts of the common people, Brahmanism did not touch the world outside of India. Here was the center of the world and no adequate religion. The personality of Jesus was the precipitant, and a great world movement was the result.

The season on Tower Hill would be incomplete without one or more sessions with John Ruskin. The one evening allotted to him was too brief to accomplish more than whet the appetite of the listener. The leader brought an armful of books to the pavilion and, while he turned their leaves, talked of the man Ruskin and his work and read now and then a pregnant sentence or a thought-provoking paragraph. It is easy, he said, to point out how Ruskin contradicts himself, easy to say that his social schemes will not work, yet he stands easily as the most clarifying mind with the most practical working sense of any writer of his time. Ruskin and Lyof Tolstoy represent the highest corporate consciousness of their century.

In illustration of the prowess of the "New Hunting," of which he is a devoted and successful follower, Mr. Olmsted gave us two evenings with the stereopticon, studies of the birds in their nests and haunts, which we found scarcely less satisfying than the study of the same in life in their native woods.

The third meeting of the Women's Congress was the climax of the Summer School. The program opened on Friday evening with an address on "Habit," by Mrs. Robert La Follette, wife of the Senator and Ex-Governor from whom Wisconsin and the nation have still so much to hope in the way of radical and honest legislation. It was an address full of the kind of truths which will bear frequent telling. Saturday brought a full program and a good audience. Miss L. E. Stearns, of the State Library Commission, spoke on "The Passing of the Bonnet," a symbolic title which, duly interpreted, was found to mean the passing of the old-fashioned grandmother. The lecture was effervescent with humor and the common sense which is so uncommon, and with Miss Stearns, which is enough to say if one has once heard her; otherwise it is quite hopeless to attempt a characterization.

The address of Miss Jane Lloyd Jones, of the Hillside Home School, on "Three Score Years and Ten in the Twentieth Century," was the complement of Miss Stearns' in both matter and method—a severe but alas, who dare say an unmerited arraignment of the modern girl, of whom the speaker expressed the fear that in view of her reckless disregard of the laws of health and sanity, she may never reach even the psalmist's limit of years. It was a wise and timely word and, if the prophecy be not altogether justified in the coming years, it will be because of the foresight and insight of a few old-fashioned mothers and teachers who, like the speaker, have foreseen the impending danger and are wise and strong to avert it.

In the afternoon Mr. F. A. Hutchins, of Madison; Mr. Duncan McGregor, of Platteville, and Dr. A. J. Frisbie, of Madison, spoke to our enlightenment and inspiration on state and civic matters, and in the evening Mrs. B. C. Gudden, of Oshkosh, made a strong appeal for our interest in the work of the Consumers' League.

Sunday, the 23d, was Field Day for the community. The morning sermon was given by the Rev. Marion Murdock, of Kenosha, and the afternoon address by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, an annual memorial sermon. The audience passed the pavilion limit and the overflow seated themselves on the ground around the open hall. Between the two services the basket dinner was served picnic fashion from tables on the lawn. The Vesper service was the annual reading by Mr. Jones, of Browning's "Saul," with organ accompaniment. By special request the program was made to include "Rabbi Ben Ezra."

And thus ended the Tower Hill Summer School, the Women's Congress and the twenty-seventh annual Grove Meeting.

E. H. W.

August 24, 1908.

Foreign Notes

A NECKLACE OF PEARLS.—This is to be neither an allegory nor an anthology, nor yet a fairy tale, or any form of fiction, but the outline of a true story of to-day, in which, however, there are suggestions of material enough for a thrilling work by F. Marion Crawford, Anthony Hope or any other of our present masters of romantic fiction, for why should not "The Diva's Ruby" be matched by "The Pearls of Princess Marie"?

The scene of my story, then, is Georgia, in the Transcaucasus, that wonderful old country whose people trace their descent from Thargamos, great-grandson of Japhet, the son of Noah. The history of this ancient kingdom, linked successively with that of Persia, Turkey and Russia, is one long story of love, intrigue, romance, heroism, chivalry, brutality and bloodshed. Its line of native sovereigns ended in 1799, when George XIII renounced in favor of Alexander I of Russia, that throne which his ancestors had held for 1,029 years, drawing down upon himself by so doing the hatred and curses of his country. George died the following year, the last of the Bagratides to occupy the Georgian throne, though a younger brother, Alexander, made ineffectual efforts to regain it. These Bagrations, by the way, claimed descent from David, by his adulterous intercourse with the wife of Uriah. Since 1799, then, that ancient land, in spite of occasional revolts, has formed a part of the Russian empire, with all that that implies of outrage and misrule.

The heroine of our tale, so far as yet appears, is a veritable Princess of this ancient realm, the other *dramatis per-*

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sonæ occupying the stage at the present moment are certain prominent jewellers of St. Petersburgh, Paris, Geneva and elsewhere; the benevolent *Deus ex machina* is our friend the Countess degli Asinelli, whom UNITY readers already know as the devoted organizer of Swiss support for Miss Hobhouse—while the as yet unknown rescuer may prove to be some wealthy American.

Such are the suggestive elements and possibilities which we offer gratis to our distinguished writers of drama or romance, while I allow Mme. degli Asinelli to tell her part of the story here as nearly as possible in her own words. This then is what she writes:

I have a very dear friend, a Georgian princess, who has sustained very heavy losses owing to the sad condition of her country (Georgia, Caucasus) under the Russian government; you are a member of the Peace and consequently are aware of the frightful suffering of all the Czar's conquered subjects. Suffice it to say that Princess Marie has had no money—not a single kopek—from her huge properties for these three last years. She finds herself under the cruel necessity of selling some of her valuable heirlooms.

A few months ago she had a beautiful pearl necklace, estimated at St. Petersburgh, by the court jeweller, at the "commercial value" of 100,000 roubles or $52,300. Unfortunately, she found no purchaser there, everybody having had financial losses. In Paris she encountered the same failure, though a jeweller offered her 150,000 francs down, with a promise of two-thirds of the overplus once the necklace sold. She did not accept this proposition and feared to leave the pearls in his possession, such precious things are so easily exchanged!

In Geneva, three of our best jewellers (among them Mr. Glaton, well-known in Chicago, where he obtained a gold medal in 1893) have undertaken the business of finding an amateur willing to buy the beautiful ornament, though they frankly admitted that they very much feared the commercial season would be a bad one, owing to the fact that their best customers, the Americans, have suffered such heavy losses.

M. E. H.

(To Be Continued.)

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